

## Sheek Louch "Think We Got a Problem"

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[Chorus: x2]

I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
I think we got a problem, got a got a problem  
Think we got a problem, think we got a problem

[Sheek Louch:]

Think we got a problem, mask on, show you how to rob  
em  
Revolver, show you how to solve'm  
Drivin down Harlem, the Aston a problem  
No tint fishball it ain't hard to spot him  
Think we got a problem, weed got too much  
Only thing damn I'm down to my last dutch  
Think we got a problem, but really it ain't dough  
There's one of me, and these bitches I count about  
three four  
Think we got a problem, the homey just all talk  
He ain't gon pop a balloon with a pitch fork  
Think we got a problem in the club with this dogg  
Rude boy, stars, ladies, everybody

[Chorus]

[The Game:]

Think we got a problem, Game in Manhattan  
Black on black Aston the 21 strapped in  
Dominican chick ridin shotty all strapped in  
Customize the dash on my shotgun strapped in  
Cops on the shoulder gotta pull a Hova  
Time to fade to black cause I ain't pullin ova  
The engine is a problem, that ain't no question  
Pop the trunk see the speakers kickin' like Beckham  
Think we got a problem, Sheek know I'm hot  
Kiss and Styles should make me a member of the Lox  
I take all the beats I remember how to box  
If I ever get knocked out, I remember how to pop  
Remember how to load everything inside my glock  
Ask the niggas in the hood cause they remember who I  
shot  
Think we got a problem, I snitched on myself  
And I hate rats so I dug a ditch for myself what

[Chorus]

[Bun B:]

Well it's the king of the trill Bun B'der you know the  
name  
And the streets is like the NBA, I love this game  
Keep a bottle of Henessey, a blunt and that purp  
With my hand up on my heater, and my killaz on churp  
You see me one deep in the spot, think I'm slippin', try  
ya luck  
Cause I got sixteen homeys with me, that stay ready to  
buck  
You can duck dodge or dive, but it won't do diddly  
skwat  
But leave ya with a leaky liver and both ya kidneys shot  
But you may not pimpin' I ain't fin to ask for it  
My money, my hood or my respect, I'm a blast for it  
You can't push fast forward, rewind or pause  
I'm a beat you till you shittin ya draws, so call the laws  
cause

[Chorus]

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